

# Light:

*A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

"WHATEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

(Contributed by "M.A. Oxon.")

Two magazines in the current month contain notices of Laurence Oliphant, which ought not to be passed over. In *Blackwood*, the magazine of the Olyphants, a memoir appears over the initials "M.O.W.O." Mrs. Oliphant, graceful and most touching in her estimate of her namesake, to whom she was not related, begins with a remark that has been made in less felicitous language by almost all who have written about him:—

"It is with a pang that one writes for the last time a well-known name, or speaks with tones subdued the familiar and friendly syllables once uttered so lightly. The circle contracts with the increasing years; the lights go out one by one in the windows that once sent forth so pleasant a greeting into the night. Wherever we move there is a vacancy, a place that can be filled no more; and I know nobody living who can fill the place made vacant on that dull December day which has just gained the illustration of Laurence Oliphant's name."

It was hard to imagine that so indomitable a spirit would ever die. But

"Faith and the aid of all sweet spirits have not delivered him from the dismissal, which, indeed, in his very human and tender heart, worn by much traffic with the world and much experience of its falseness, he was glad enough to anticipate, had not the thought of a great work to do held him back. But whatever the value of the work may be—and to sober minds it was always too perplexing for easy judgment—it is now evident that the great Ruler of all things can do without it in His management of this world,—a thing which to all prophets and consciously inspired teachers it is so hard to learn and so difficult to realise."

If Oliphant could speak he would tell the writer that his "indomitable spirit" is not dead; and that the work by him inaugurated is still by him directed.

With his outer life as portrayed by Mrs. Oliphant I am not concerned. I can but borrow from her in brief some details of the inner mystical side of his character as she estimates it and its development. The publication of *Piccadilly* was the first indication of a new and potent influence that had crossed his path and was to shape his life. We get here an interesting glimpse of his acquaintance with the fringe of phenomenal Spiritualism:—

"Before this time Mr. Oliphant had been known as one of the 'mediums' who, half in play, yet much more than half in earnest, were making the lately discovered 'Spiritualism,' so called, which was one of the first fashions which had floated hither from America, popular in society. While still occupied with these ideas, he told me, on one occasion when we met, an exceedingly picturesque and striking story of an incident which had happened to himself: how a great lady of his acquaintance had unconsciously betrayed to him in the scribblings made under his influence, and which at the first glance seemed meaningless, a most compromising secret, the mystery of her own life. But the next time in which I

had the occasion of speaking to him on this subject, his tone had changed. He had rejected these experiences as the mere vulgarities of a new revelation, not ceasing, indeed, to believe in the fact that there were a crowd of shivering and homeless spirits about the world, too glad to take refuge for a moment in a table or a pencil, and dictate nonsense to gaping inquirers, but regarding them with reprobation and contempt: and had himself progressed to a much higher elevation, having entered to his own profound consciousness into the very secret of life."

A subsequent conversation so impressed Mrs. Oliphant that she wrote to inquire about his progress in this new direction. She was amazed. As in *Piccadilly* the hero is rescued by one who catches him up, commanding him to "live the life," so it was with Oliphant. "I," writes Mrs. Oliphant—

"Suddenly found myself in presence of the still veiled but imposing image of this prophet—a man to whom, according to his disciple's fervent belief, all things were revealed, who spoke face to face with our Lord and His saints, while going about the common ways of the world, and was one with Christ in a mysterious physical as well as spiritual union, somehow wonderfully evidenced by a change of respiration, a bewildering medley of the seen and the unseen, which affected me with a sort of moral vertigo, which, I fear, has been the chief effect since of further and more advanced revelations of a similar kind."

And now Oliphant passed under the influence of Lake Harris, a phase of his life on which I do not dwell. It was dominant over him, until (as is suggested) Lady Oliphant had a special revelation of the doctrine of Counterparts, from which much of the after-development of Oliphant's opinion grew. During this time, when on a visit to Paris he had met and married Alice L'Estrange, of whom a delightful description is given.

Here is a slight sketch:—

"She was in all her beliefs and sentiments a mystic of the mystics, outstripping even her husband in devotion to the mysterious faith which had held them in such complete subjection, and perhaps with a greater instinct of progress, of pushing these principles into further development than he had at least as yet shown. She would talk in her beautiful way freely of what that faith and these principles were; but I am bound to admit . . . that I was little more enlightened at the end than at the beginning."

I find it difficult to give in words any fit description of the fascinating and delightful woman who was Laurence Oliphant's wife. The dark and vivacious beauty of her youth could only, I think, have been enhanced, in expression at least, by all the experiences she had gone through. She was now at the full height of life, the *mezzo del cammin*, and a little worn with delicate health and many labours, but so sweet, so bright, so gay, in her profound seriousness that the chains of paradox were added to those of nature."

This so charming woman fell a victim to a premature attack of Syrian fever. A dragoman had pitched the tents one evening in a malarious spot, and both Oliphant and his wife were seized with a fever to which she succumbed.

Then came the story, well known, of his marriage, after an interval of work, with Miss Dale Owen, "the devoted lady who nursed him till his death." A touching incident may find a place here:—

"Two mornings before his death, he called his wife and said: 'Darling, if I were to live now, I should be quite different to what

I have been. Christ took me in His arms last night and pressed me tight, and cleansed me from all my sins, and all is pure now, and all is joy."

His teaching does not commend itself to Mrs. Oliphant, but his sublime self-abnegation, his life, does. Her final estimate must close my faulty sketch of a very charming paper :—

" His unparalleled self-abnegation was to him the simplest necessity. Words are not sufficient to mark the singular contrast. The priests and martyrs of the old ages had ever too much conscience of what they were doing, and never made light of the sacrifice; but the nineteenth century has this advantage over its predecessors which we call the ages of faith. It is all for materialism, for profit, for personal advantage—the most self-interested, the least ideal of ages. But when, here and there, a generous spirit, emancipated from these bonds, rises above the age, his sacrifice is no longer marked with gloom, or made into an operation of pain; it is a willing offering—more than willing, unconsidered, lavish, gay, the joyous giving up, without a backward look or thought, of everything for the love of God—except the love of man, warmed and mellowed by the Divine flame which, with no cloud of smoke or odour of burnt-offering, ascends clear and brilliant as light itself to the realms above."

" Of such was Gordon; and of such were Laurence and Alice Oliphant. Fragrant be their names and blessed! I can wish no *Requiescat in pace*, but only increasing joy and power and life and love to these chosen and beautiful spirits."

Lady Grant Duff's interesting account of Oliphant need not detain us at length, though there are in it many points worthy of attention. The writer draws largely on Sir Thomas Wade's remembrances of him in early years, and tells the adventurous side of his life at greater length than the Spiritualistic, and in minuter detail than does Mrs. Oliphant. The Harris episode is evidently very distasteful to her ladyship—"this man" who made of Oliphant "a labourer, a teamster, and a pedlar." The esoteric underlying cause evidently does not strike her. We get then to Haifa, and I quote a pen-picture of Oliphant's house and surroundings :—

" Mr. Oliphant resided on the plain between the Turkish town of Haifa and the point where the Monastery of Carmel has been a beacon-light for centuries. The little German village, composed of substantial two-storied houses, runs up from the sea to the foot of the long low mountains. Each house stands detached in its own grounds of four or five acres, and at the evening hour the flocks and herds come down from the mountain, and, each fling off into its own stable, illustrate the ancient text that the 'ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib.'

" A minute boulevard, planted with mulberry-trees, the resort of the brilliant little goldfinches which are so marked a feature in Palestine, runs up either side of the road, and standing back from this, under the shade of a great almond tree, is the gabled house where Oliphant spent so much of his time in later years, and which is entered through a conservatory filled with creepers. The principal objects of interest in the house are two portraits of himself—one as a boy of fifteen, with beautiful dark eyes; the other, a fine dignified picture in a violet morning-gown, by the late lamented Henry Phillips—and a lovely girlish head of the first Mrs. Oliphant, by a French artist."

Thither, greatly daring, sustained by an unfaltering faith in her husband's work, and guided by his constant presence, Mrs. Oliphant is on the eve of carrying out her colony of some eighteen faithful souls who have turned their back upon the world, and have set their faces eastward. *May they prosper!*

MR. MORELL THEOBALD is, we understand, about to take a rapid journey round the world, partly on business and partly for the benefit of his health. He will probably call at Colombo, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, San Francisco, Denver, Chicago, Boston, and New York. Any cards of introduction to prominent Spiritualists at any of these places will be welcome. They should be sent to him at once.

SUNDAY EVENING GATHERINGS FOR THE PEOPLE.—Mr. John Page Hops (of Leicester), will, by request, conduct a special gathering in London, at the Royal Foresters' Palace, 93, Cambridge-road, Mile End, on Sunday, February 24th. Commence at seven. All seats free.

### THE ROSICRUCIANS.\*

(Continued from p. 75.)

The *Fama Fraternitatis: or, a Discovery of the Fraternity of the Most Laudable Order of the Rosy Cross*, begins by congratulating the world that in these latter days we are endowed with the attainment more and more of the perfect knowledge of Jesus Christ, and of Nature. It complains of the opposition of the learned, that they still keep and are loath to leave the old course, esteeming Porphyry, Aristotle, and Galen, and that which hath a mere show of learning, more than the clear manifest Light and Truth. "*To the intention of a General Reformation*," it continues—these words marking clearly the intended connection with the preceding treatise—"the most godly and highly illumined Father, our Brother, C.R.C., a German, the chief and original of our Fraternity, hath much and long time laboured." Of this personage it is stated, that having in his fifth year been placed in a cloister, where he learned Greek and Latin, he was in his growing years associated to go to the Holy Land with a brother, who died on the way; so he went to Damasco, where, "by reason of the feebleness of the body," he remained. That, by his skill in physic—he was at that time, we learn further on, not sixteen years of age—he acquired favour and became acquainted with the wise men of Damcar, in Arabia, to which town—not identifiable by modern research—he repaired. "He was," the narrative continues, "but of the age of sixteen years when he came thither, yet of a strong Dutch constitution. This is the place where he did learn his physic." It would seem, therefore, that he acquired at Damcar an entirely new habit of body, having before been feeble; a new "domicil of origin," for before he went there he was a German, and not a Hollander, and that he acquired there that knowledge of physic, in which he had exhibited himself so skilful before he went there. These be marvels, but others yet remain to the chronicler. At Damcar, in the following year—to be precise—he translated from the Arabic the Book M., whatever that Book may be—and after three years he went again to Egypt, and thence to Fez. Here he became acquainted with those commonly called the "Elemental Inhabitants," who revealed to him many secrets, "as we Germans likewise might gather many things if there were the like unity and desire of searching out secrets amongst us." Removing after two years to Spain, R.C., then apparently in his twenty-second year, proposed to display to the learned in that country the error of their ways, and prescribed to them new axiomata, but they proved very Gallios, and wholly declined his prescriptions; so he returned to Germany, where he built him a fitting and neat inhabitation, and founded the Fraternity of the Rosy Cross. The purposes of this society may be gathered from the statement that it was desired by the founder thereof, "that there might be a society in Europe which might have gold, silver, and precious stones to bestow on kings for their necessary uses and lawful purposes, with which society such as be governors might be brought up to learn all that God suffered man to know and so become like the heathen oracles." The society, it is stated, consisted originally of four persons, and "by them were made the magical language and writing, with a large dictionary which we daily use." They made also the first part of the Book M., which Book M., we were before informed by this chronicler, had been made by the Arabians and translated into Latin by R.C. long before any such society existed. By the sixth of the rules prescribed for the government of the society we are made aware for the first time that our Brother R. C. who hath much and long time laboured, so laboured no less than one hundred years before—one hundred and twenty, it is stated

\* *The Real History of the Rosicrucians founded on their own Manifestos, &c.* By Arthur Edward Waite. (London: George Redway, York-street, Covent Garden.)

elsewhere, and we naturally desire to know the source of all the foregoing valuable information about him.

The account given is broadly as follows : Brother N. N., a member of the Fraternity in the third generation, and a contemporary, if he existed at all, of the chronicler, being a good architect, "thought to alter something of his building." In such renewing he lighted upon the memorial table which was cast of brass and "containeth all the names of the Brethren, with some few other things. In this table stuck a great nail, somewhat strong, so that when it was with force drawn out it took with it an indifferent big stone out of the thin wall, or plastering of the hidden door, and so unlooked for discovered the door, whereat we did throw down the rest of the wall, and cleared the door, on which was written in great letters, 'Post cxx annos patebo,' with the year of the Lord under it [said year not disclosed]. . . . In the morning following we opened the door, and there appeared to our sight a vault. Although the sun never shined in this vault, nevertheless it was enlightened with another sun, and was situated in the centre of the ceiling. In the midst, instead of a tombstone, was a round altar covered with a plate of brass, and thereon this engraven, A.C.R.C. Every side or wall had a door for a chest wherein there lay divers things, especially all our books, which otherwise we had, besides the *Vocabulario* of Theophrastus Paracelsus of Hohenheim. Herein also we found his *Itinerarium* and *Vita* whence this relation for the most part is taken." It would seem, therefore, that C.R.C. was Paracelsus. But he died in 1541 and according to Mr. Waite (*Lives of Alchemical Philosophers*) was buried in the Church of St. Sebastian at Salzburg. More marvels ! The narration continues : "We removed the altar aside, then we lifted up a strong plate of brass [a good deal of brass] and found a fair and worthy body, whole and unconsumed, with all the ornaments and attires. In his hand he held a parchment called T, the which, next the Bible, is our greatest treasure. At the end of this book is an *Elogium* on C.R.C., signed by the Brethren of the first and second generation, four of the first and three of the second." Such is the official record of the foundation of the Fraternity of the Most Laudable Order of the Rosy Cross, written presumably by a brother of the third generation. There is perhaps in it more pedigree than programme, and we have, by some inscrutable connection of ideas which we will not seek too closely to analyse, been reminded in reading it of some metaphysical queries suggested, we fear in a spirit of levity, by Charles Lamb to his friend Coleridge, one of which was, "Could the Seraphim ardentes tell a lie, and if they could, would they ?"

In the same laudable desire to give everybody the opportunity of forming a judgment for him or her self, Mr. Waite follows with the *Confessio Fraternitatis*, a treatise published in 1615 and referred to in the *Fama*, of which it may be regarded as a continuation. Into the merits of this deliverance we have not the space to enter. We have the same opinion of it that the farmer had of his squire's claret—we do not get any "forrader" upon it.

Mr. Waite describes the personages very obscurely adumbrated in these publications as "Lutheran disciples of Paracelsus." This is probably the case ; but it must be admitted to be adverse to this theory that C.R.C., "our Christian Father," is stated in the *Confessio* to have been born in A.D. 1378, and must therefore have died in the flesh some considerable time before the existence of Lutheranism, and that the *Vocabulario* of Paracelsus was found in his tomb some time, as it would seem, before it was written. It would almost appear, therefore, that Luther and the Sage of Hohenheim must have been disciples in the second order of C.R.C., and this goes to confirm the statement in the *Confessio* (Chapter VI.) that people may be Rosicrucians without knowing it. "Such an

one is already ours though as yet unknown to himself." But we are already dizzy with marvels. "These things are too wonderful for us. We cannot attain thereunto." We do not love, like Sir Thomas Browne, to lose ourselves in an *O! altudo*, and we turn, therefore, with a sense of relief to the third treatise, similarly printed *in extenso* by Mr. Waite, *The Chymical Marriage of Christian Rosenkreutz*, originally published in German in 1616. This, Mr. Waite tells us, is described by Buhle as a "comic romance of extraordinary talent," a description in which we concur, and which, indeed, if we are disposed to be liberal in the ascription of "talent," we may equally apply to its predecessors.

And here, with grateful thanks to Mr. Waite for enabling us to formulate some sort of conclusion respecting the Rosicrucians as described in their own manifestos, we would willingly take leave of them. Those who are of the frame of mind of John Rickman, the friend of Southey, who replied to a proposal to him to take shares in a mine, that he would do so with pleasure, as he liked the *insecurity* of the investment, will find in Rosicrucianism a speculation admirably adapted to their requirements ; those who are unable to profess the dogma "*Credo quia impossible est*" will do well to read Mr. Waite's book before embarking in such an enterprise.

That admiration and sympathy which must always attend a brave man struggling with adversity must accompany Mr. Waite in his laudable efforts to deal sympathetically and respectfully with his subject. He makes very short work of the antiquity of the Rosicrucian Fraternity, showing, we think, strong reasons for attributing the origin of its emblems to the armorial bearings of one Andreas, the assumed promulgator of the *Fama Fraternitatis*. He gives an interesting account of Rosicrucianism in Germany, France, and England, and especially of some distinguished men who are supposed to have professed it in the last-named country. He includes among them that impudent impostor, John Heydon. The chapter relating to this personage might, we think, well have been omitted and replaced by that devoted to him in Mr. Waite's *History of the Alchemists*, which does him ample justice. We may here note that this latter work is one of great interest and erudition. It contains a useful Bibliography of Alchemy and Hermetic Philosophy.

Both these works are in the Library of the Spiritualist Alliance, though it is scarcely fair to Mr. Waite to say so, for they are, in the best sense of the term, books which no Occultist's library should be without.

We extract the following from the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

" Robert Elsmere.

" In stress of soul he won his bride, austere

And calm-browed as her own grey Cumbrian dale :

Their love aspired, and seemed heaven's height to scale,

Pure, touched by Death and more than earthly fear.

High thoughts, good deeds, drew each to each more near,

Content with virtue, till the awful veil

That hides man from himself dropped down, and pale

Dawned those first rays that search the heart and ear.

She clung to all the sacred things of old,

The light, the love she knew ; his dazzled eyes,

From hers averted, gazed as on the sun :—

Dazzled, but soon to see the blaze unfold

One painful step towards truth, his earthly prize,

Long sought, half grasped, but never wholly won.

" L. H."

MR. S. L. MACGREGOR MATHERS, author of the *Kabbalah Unveiled*, *The Key of Solomon*, *The Tarot*, &c., desires us to say that he is not the writer of the letters in our columns signed " Leo."

*The Weird Mystery* (Lambert and Co., 1s.) is not a shocker to be recommended. Not that it does not shock. It does. It shocks our sense of probability. It shocks our moral sense. It is ill-constructed, and we cannot see in it any redeeming point. Moreover the author has dramatised it !

" ALL expression looks two ways : it influences others and it influences the individual self. Facility of communication is an education, a leading forth of the faculties to him who possesses it." —*Tangled Talk*.

## JOTTINGS.

The *Athenaeum*, reviewing a recent book (*Chuang Tzu, Mystic, Moralist, and Social Reformer*. Translated from the Chinese by Herbert A. Giles. Quaritch) has the following remarks :—

"Mysticism is a faith that by its nature can only appeal to a comparatively few people. The common facts of every-day life are so subversive of it that it can find followers only among those on whom society has turned its back, and who seek to revenge themselves on an unsympathetic world by pretending to despise its pains and pleasures. To most men the actual is far more attractive than negation, and practical persons are slow to acknowledge that good and evil are the same, or that perfect happiness is to be found in the absence of happiness."

This teacher, if we are to accept his reviewer's estimate, must have got a little mixed :—

'The burden of his teaching was that existence and non-existence are the same, and that all things are one; that from this one, i.e., Tao, all men and things proceed, and to it all things return, losing in its embrace their separate existences, as the rivers become merged in the waters of the sea. The senses, he taught, are false witnesses, so that no one can be sure of the reality of anything. 'Once on a time,' he writes:—

"I dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of following my fancies as a butterfly, and was unconscious of my individuality as a man. Suddenly I awoke, and there I lay, myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming that I am a man."

All things, he taught, are one. (Are they?) And his quoted advice to his followers was: "Having arrived at a state of perfect vacuity, keep yourself perfectly still." There are many people who approach to the former state, but unfortunately they do not fulfil the latter condition.

Very curious is the literature of "corpse candles" and receipts for invisibility. Dr. Bloch, a Jewish Rabbi of great learning, and a member of the Austrian Reichsrath, hints that the Whitechapel murderer was probably instigated by the same motives as animated the Russian peasants in that ghastly story to which we have previously adverted.

In *The Cradle of the Blue Nile* (Vol. II., p. 132) appears a similar story :—

"Christopholos (a Greek, living in Abyssinia) declared that by taking the fat of bears and wolves, tempering it with the blood of men or serpents, and mixing the whole with a certain herb that grew in the country, a candle could be made which, when lighted, would conjure up a phantom host of armed men, who would appear to surround the holder of the candle; he also said that he knew of a certain medicine which would render one perfectly invisible."

John Aubrey, the famous English antiquary, in his *Remaines of Gentilisme and Judaisme*, has some curious remarks which are to the point here. He

"Mentions an incantation which two or three 'subtile Jewish merchants' had tried in the garden of a friend of his, with the object of rendering a child invisible. Aubrey tells us that it brought to his recollection 'a story that was generally believed when I was a schoolboy, before the civil wars.' This was, that 'thieves, when they broke open a house, would putt a candle into a dead man's hand, and then the people in the chamber would not awake.' 'There is,' he adds, 'such kind of story somewhere amongst the magical writers.'

Aubrey quotes, with evident satisfaction, another receipt for invisibility :—

"Take, on Midsummer-night, at xii., when all the planets are above the earth, a serpent and kill him, and skinne him, and dry it in the shade, and bring it to a powder. Hold it in your hand, and you will be invisible."

This superstition, according to Dr. Bloch, is firmly established among European professional thieves. It is expressly dealt with in the German criminal codes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As in the case of the four Russian peasants, it is still rife among the class who derive their beliefs chiefly from legends.

The professional thief is a firm believer in charms, omens, witches, the power of the evil eye, and so forth. He carries in his pocket a lucky stone, or some talisman or amulet. He practises divination. If caught he will go into elaborate devices to avoid "kissing the book." It is said that there are in London certain foreign thieves who dread more being brought before a particular magistrate whom they credit with having the evil eye than a severe sentence from others.

Dr. Elliott Coues has reproduced, in the form of a pamphlet, his *Signs of the Times from the Standpoint of a Scientist*. It is

eminently worth reading, as all the writer's utterances are. It is published at the *Religio-Philosophical Publishing House*, Chicago, U.S.A.

Dr. John E. Purdon closes a business letter to the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* as follows :—

"Your Journal is as fine a monument as any man might wish to have his name remembered by. God grant that you may be long spared to your bold, good work."

How is it that half-pay officers when released from their normal duty of providing for the defence of their own country, or an attack on some other country, so often take to the narrowest and most bigoted form of religionism? It is an odd problem which we do not profess to solve. But the fact remains that the retired officer is usually a violent and very narrow religionist. Lieut.-General Sir Robert Phayre, K.C.B., is no exception. He has published a little pamphlet, *Spiritualism Unveiled*, which is packed with stale statements of which texts are held to be proof, and throughout which we look in vain for anything that merits notice or reply.

The unfortunate Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria seems to have been in the prevalent fashion. This is one among many announcements :—

"At one of the Protestant services, yesterday, which was attended by the Protestant members of the Court, among whom was Prince Reuss, and the Protestant diplomats, the preacher excited much astonishment by trying to prove that Prince Rudolph believed in things supernatural. He related how one day at dinner as the door opened by itself, the Crown Prince said: 'That is the ghost of the Hofburg. He often comes to see me in my room. I am so accustomed to him that he does not disturb me when I am at work, and I believe most castles have ghosts of this kind.'

How easily natural events may be fitted with supernatural seemings :—

"Holseworthy, a village in the Midlands, is all excitement over a ghostly light which every night intermittently flashes across a railway cutting. From dusk to midnight the little village station is thronged with people anxious to obtain a glimpse of this *ignis fatuus*. It is described as a pale, bluish light, the flame of which seems to rise from the earth and float in the air. Old stories of superstition long dormant in the district are being revived, and the fact that three people have been killed near the spot in the last year or so encourages the belief in the supernatural character of the luminous apparition."

A ghost story from Chester :—

"A Chester correspondent vouches for the following remarkable narration:—'Extraordinary sights and sounds have been nightly heard at Bodrddha Farm, not far from Aberdaron and Bardsey Island. The inhabitants are thoroughly terrified, and to one of the farm servants the affair is likely to have a serious ending. When the cowman went in early dawn to the shippens to milk the cows, to his astonishment he found the sixteen cows and one bull unfastened in the yard. The bull immediately rushed upon the man, knocked him down, thrust his horn right through his cheek, and tore his clothes to tatters, leaving him in a shocking condition. A posse of the Carnarvonshire police were then sent to watch the premises, and during the night three cow-house doors opened simultaneously, and closed with a bang. The policemen rushed out in alarm, but not a soul could be observed, and this extraordinary nocturnal incident has greatly increased the alarm, especially as weird sounds have since been heard.'

Oh! "C.C.M."! Oh! "π"! What do you say to this from the *St. James's Gazette*? :—

"Sir,—I knew how it would be. General Boulanger obtained a thumping majority on Sunday, just as I confidently expected. But possibly you hadn't already discovered that his number is 'six hundred threescore and six,' the number of the Beast. This is how I make it out, taking the Greek numerical significance of the initial of his Christian and the letters of his family name:—

E. B O U L A N G E R.  
5 + 2 + 70 + 400 + 30 + 1 + 50 + 3 + 5 + 100 = 666

Had the late Rev. John Cumming, D.D., been still alive, this interesting and suggestive discovery would not have remained to be made by, sir, your obedient servant,

"A RETIRED SOOTHSAYER."

Our sons and our daughters are seeing visions and dreaming dreams :—

"The coroner for North-east Middlesex received information yesterday, of the death of Minnie Hannah Adams, aged 19, the daughter of a fruit salesman, living at 84, Eleanor-road, Richmond-road, Hackney. On Sunday the deceased, her two brothers, and a younger sister were left in charge of the house while their parents attended a funeral in the country. In the evening the girl's sweetheart called to see her. As she was alarmed at noises which she fancied she heard, he stayed at the house all night to reassure her. During the night he—so it is said—

dreamt that he saw the girl walk past him, beckoning to him to follow. He awoke, and, becoming alarmed, went into the passage. Having dressed he went to the door of deceased's room and knocked. Receiving no answer he then woke the others. On the bedroom door being opened the deceased was found lying on the floor with blood issuing from her mouth. Dr. Gibbons was sent for, but on his arrival life was found to be extinct. From the doctor's examination it would seem that the girl died at about the time that her sweetheart dreamt she beckoned him."

For the following items of veracious news we are indebted to *Le Spiritisme*.

Léon Favre, brother of Jules Favre, an *ante* reincarnationist (*sic*), wrote long articles, which were translated by Mr. Gladstone, and inserted in the London newspapers, the *Revue Spirite* not being in the habit of receiving articles opposed to its own opinion.

Among good Spiritualists we find are Messrs. William Crookes, Cromwell, Fleetwood, Varley, Fellows of the Royal Society of London.

Professor Ray Lankester, F.R.S., does not attempt to answer Mr. Auberon Herbert's paper on Spiritualism, because "there is apparently a complete absence of any agreement between him and myself as to the mode in which human beings can use their faculties so as to arrive at a knowledge of truth."

He proceeds then to lay down the law that "we do not want any long *a priori* discussions as to whether the thing *can* be, but proper evidence that it *is* so." Yes; but that is just where so many of us who have had the evidence disagree as to the quality with the man who has not.

"They blandly tell (some not very blandly) that they surely can trust the evidence of their own eyes and ears." But alas! they know nothing of conjuring, nothing of hypnotism, and have not read *Dr. Paulus*. Therefore are they but a sorry folk and know not what they see. Poor trifling, this: but typical in its way.

Professor Lankester is waiting the advent of a "really first-rate supernaturalist" that he may amuse himself with him. He must wait till Fred Evans comes. But perhaps he will not be first-rate.

#### PHASES OF RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT.

It will interest many of our readers to know that a series of free lectures on the above subject is in course of being delivered at South Place Institute, Finsbury. On the 17th of this month Mr. Arthur Lillie lectured on "Buddhism in Christianity." The forthcoming lectures are:—

- February 24th.—W. S. LILLY, M.A., J.P.—"Mysticism."
- March 3.—MRS. SHELDON AMOS.—"Methodism."
- ,, 10.—REV. CHARLES VOYSEY, B.A.—"Theism,"
- ,, 17.—FREDERICK POLLOCK, M.A., LL.D.—"Spinoza and his Religious Influence."
- ,, 24.—REV. MORRIS JOSEPH (Formerly Chief Minister of the Princes-road Synagogue, Liverpool).—"Jewish Ethics."
- ,, 31.—B. F. C. COSTELLOE.—"The Mass."
- April 7.—JAMES ALLANSON PICTON, M.A., M.P.—"Non-conformity."
- ,, 14.—DR. JOHN CLIFFORD (President of the Baptist Union).—"The Place of Baptists in the Evolution of British Christianity."
- ,, 21.—FREDERIC YORK POWELL, M.A.—"Teutonic Heathendom."
- ,, 28.—ARTHUR W. HUTTON, M.A.—"A National Church."
- May 5.—DR. STANTON COIT.—"Ethical Culture."  
(Final Lecture of the Course and Session.)

When complete the whole course of two years will be printed in two volumes, arranged according to subjects. Swan Sonnenschein is to publish.

The Lectures commence at 4 p.m. All seats free. No collection.

"A wise enemy is better than a foolish friend."

"No one throws a stone at a fruitless tree."

—*Roumanian Proverbs.*

"EVEN unto this very day all things are yet in the creating, and the Creation hath no end until the judgment of God."—J. BOEHME,

#### A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

"We appreciate the opportunity you give us to communicate with you and will try in return to tell you of our spirit homes and our surroundings. Our houses are not made with hands, but by our deeds while on earth. According to our life there so we live here. If we were true and honest, then we add to the beauty of our homes here. Every good deed of our earthly life will be an ornament to our spiritual abode, so the more good one does while on earth the better and brighter will be his home here. As for our surroundings, they baffle description. You would be enraptured with the wilderness of flowers that bloom in endless variety wherever the eye can see, and you could never match the beauty of the birds if you travelled your world over. I was somewhat of a geologist, but I never saw on earth such specimens of minerals as I see here. We can give you only a faint idea of the wondrous beauty of this glorious world of spirits.

"I will try to tell you of our occupations: According to our ability we are assigned our work. Those who were studious on earth are teachers here. Those who were inventors on earth, influence and assist the young inventors of your sphere. Some minister to your sick; some help the fallen; others lead the blind,—each one finding his own sphere of usefulness, and no one feels tired of well doing.

"Time never hangs heavily on our hands. You think your life is a busy one. When you come here you will find this is the true life, and yours but the first step to it; the primary school—a hard one to some, but they who do their best there, will never regret it here. [In reply to some questions.] I cannot explain some things that you wish to understand, but what I do know I will try to tell you. Spirit vision varies greatly according to the condition of the spirit. Spirits who cling to worldly reminiscences perceive only the worldly phenomena. The all-seeing perception of spirits of higher development is denied them; it would not be serviceable to them until they emerge from their worldly condition. Such spirits see whatever they desire to see, but they do not see the existing thing. They only see the images which the spirit power is able to create. These images are wonderful in their strong and vivid distinctness, and they appear perfectly the same as when seen in mortal life. The spirits do not perceive the difference between their imaginary work and the true state of things, until their memory is purged of all earthly longings. [This may explain some discrepancies in some spirit communications.]

"Some spirits perceive the things of earth with the spirit organs through the material eyes of the mortals that they may be able to control. They see the material object as the medium sees it. There are spirits who perceive the things of earth without the aid of mortal vision. They see the interior spiritual essence of the external form. This power is used only on rare occasions, and then for the benefit of mankind. In this species of spirit perception you will recognise those instances of progress, which are known as invention and discovery. The progress of mankind since the earliest ages is mainly owing to this species of spirit perception. No great step was ever taken in human development without the intervention of spirits. [In answer to inquiry, where is the spirit-world located?] It is here. There is no locality other than your locality. Spirit-life is a condition. You perceive with your mortal sense the phenomena of your mortal condition. The spirit perceives with its spirit senses the phenomena of its spirit condition. The phenomenon of space is common to both conditions. The spirit-life is the advanced stage in man's progress to his highest destiny."—CHAS. A. DAVIS, in *Religious Philosophical Journal*.

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER has returned to London in full power: so we are informed. She is resident at 62, Chester-terrace, where the curious may with advantage pay her a visit.

"HUMILITY is nothing else than accepting truth in all circumstances."—OETINGER.

POWER OF THE SPIRIT WORLD.—"The spiritual world is a very great world, much greater than the world of the senses; and its connections with us are very mysterious, and there is a vast power of evil in that spiritual world which can in many ways dash itself against frail man. It won't do for man to boast. The bravest can be made to quail before the dread realities of the unseen. Our ideas of ghosts and goblins, however crude, are not all false. They stand for truths, truths of great importance, truths before which the bold materialists will shudder some day."

[February 23, 1889.]

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"  
2, DUKE STREET,  
ADELPHI, W.C.

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## Light:

EDITED BY "M. A. (OXON.)"

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd, 1889.

**TO CONTRIBUTORS.**—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects, good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

**Business communications** should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and *not* to the Editor.

## SECOND SIGHT.

No. V.

## VI. Interval between the vision and its fulfilment.

At what interval of time are these prophetic warnings made good? This is an extremely curious point. We have cases before us in which the fulfilment ranges from a few hours up to ten years. Some of these narratives are very striking, but, to avoid monotony, specimens only will be selected. The following case is extremely curious:—

" Margaret Morison, a widow of good repute, relates from what was told her by her father, that a knot of four women being at supper in his house, and having fish set before them in a kneading trough, one of them, named Greadach Munro, a notable Seer, rose on the sudden and threw up her meat; being inquired about her ailment, she told them, that soon after they began to eat of the fish, she saw a little corps stretched over the trough in his winding sheet, which disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, upon which she turned sickish, so as she had no stomach to partake further of what remained of the fish: In a few days thereafter, Donald Chisholm, then tenant in Glendale, going with a child to be baptized at Killmuir, and night coming on in his return, as he came to Doctor Morison's house, took up his quarters there that night, where the child died before day of a sudden ailment. His father having no timber for his coffin, Doctor Morrison gave him the said trough, (not having heard then of the Second Sight about it), which with a little help of more boards, served for the purpose; and to verify a prediction by the Second Sight, which happened but eight or ten days before the completion."

The following case is one in which the fulfilment, if we are to regard it as such, took place after more than six years. That which succeeds it was accomplished in as many days:—

1. "Evan MacSween, a person of uncommon probity, informed me, That Murdoch Campbell having fitted to his lands, but as he had no house to accommodate this new tenant, he with his own assistance, began to repair an old wall for his dwelling; and as they were so employed, one of the workmen who had been a Seer, appeared to faint away, upon which he called for a drink of cold water; which having got, he soon recovered; and being asked by my informer, if he had seen anything to bring on that alteration? Said he had seen a corps within the wall they were repairing, and named the spot where it lay; however the work went on, and the said Murdoch continued therein for five years: About a year after Murdoch left it, Evan's father being sick for sometime, requested his son to rear up that apartment for him, as being more retired from noise; which was accordingly done; and in a

quarter of a year thereafter, expired in my informer's arms who thereupon remembered it was in that individual spot pointed out by the Seer above six years before it was accomplished."

2. "The same gentleman (Evan MacSween) relates, that Mary Niahn Jainn, an old woman, travelling from Warkasaig to Idrikill, saw, with broad day-light, a company of men meeting her on the shore of Warkasaig, carrying a corps; among whom she distinguished John MacQueen, Duncan MacSween, and my informer, with their several stations, and not only so, but described the tartan plaid that overlaid the coffin, and the part it came from: All which was accomplished six days thereafter, a girl being drowned accidentally at Idrikill, and was carried to her interment, by the same shore, the persons above-named assisting, and several others, on that occasion."

The case which is next cited is so quaintly told that it may well find a place among these narratives:—

"In the year 1744, Lauchland MacCulloch, then servant to Alexander MacDonald of Gearry-Dhonil, in Bein-Bicula, coming out of his master's house under night, before he had gone many paces there appeared to him, at no great distance, a promiscuous heap of red-coats, and Highland men, on the path that led to the house, which sight so frightened him, that in the hurry he was in to get back to the house, he struck his shin against a stone to the effusion of his blood; and immediately, as soon as he entered, told what he had seen to his fellow-servants. In 1746, Captain Ferguson, who commanded the Furnace sloop of war, at the head of a corps of the troops, and the Argyle militia, came to Gearry-Dhonil's house, which gave an opportunity to all that were in the family to see them really, as MacCulloch had seen them about two years before, by the Second Sight. I had this relation from Alexander MacDonald, son to the above Gearry-Dhonil, a good sensible, modest young man, who acknowledged to me, that MacCulloch owned to have seen the Sight as it came to pass."

Mr. John Fraser, Dean of the Western Isles, and Minister of Coll and Tiree, contributes a good instance:—

"The fourth instance I had, to my great grief, from one John MacDonald, a servant of Lauchlan MacLean of Coll, who was then newly returned from Holland, having the charge of a Captain. This gentleman came one afternoon abroad to his pastime in the fields, and this John MacDonald meets him, and seeth his cloaths shining like the skins of fishes, and his periwig all wet, though indeed the day was very fair; whereupon he told privately, even then, to one of Coll's gentlemen, that he feared he should be drowned: This gentleman was Charles MacLean, who gave me account of it. The event followed about a year thereafter; for the Laird of Coll was drowned in the water of Lochy, in Lochaber. I examined both Charles MacLean and John MacDonald and found that the prediction was as he told me; and the said John MacDonald could produce no other warrant, than that he found such signs frequently before, to forego the like events. This man, indeed, was known to have many visions of this kind, but he was none of the strictest life."

[ "The above is quoted by T. I. from 'a small posthumous pamphlet on the Second Sight, writ by Mr. John Fraser, dean of the western islands, and minister of Tiree and Coll.' " ]

Lastly, a concluding case fulfilled ten years after the vision:—

" Nic. Arthur, known for a notable Seer, travelling from the castle of Mungary in Ardnamorcuann, accompanied with several others, asked with a surprize, of her fellow-travellers, if they saw (as she did) a number of tents at Carnliadh, which though all denied to have seen, she confidently affirmed would one time or other cast up as really as she then saw them by the Second Sight. Ten years thereafter, in 1746, Captain Campbell of Craignish, who commanded a corps of Highlanders, pitched their tents in that individual spot at the foot of Carnliadh, whereby the said prediction was fulfilled. I had this relation from Mr. Campbell above-mentioned, who was informed thereof by severals, in all its circumstances."

THE complete *Proceedings of the Folk-lore Society* for the year 1888 have been placed in the Library of the London Spiritualist Alliance. They contain much matter of interest to Spiritualists. The President has also placed at the disposal of members till Easter his copy of the Hon. Roden Noel's *Modern Faust*.

**DECEASE OF MRS. SENIOR.**

Another of our oldest Spiritualists has joined the host that is steadily transferring itself from earth, and massing itself on the farther side, passing to a larger consciousness and a fuller measure of knowledge. Adelaide Senior, widow of Colonel Senior, of Glassdrummond House, Kilkeel, Co. Down, Ireland, passed to the higher life and left her suffering, worn-out body on February 9th, in the eighty-seventh year of her earthly life. She was made of sterling spirit stuff, good and true, and those who knew her best loved her most. She was one of the very early Spiritualists, and, in days when it needed more courage to defend the faith than it does now, she always stood by her colours. She had a wide experience and a large knowledge of the things of the spirit. May she find rest and peace!

**THIRD LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' ALLIANCE ASSEMBLY.**

On Tuesday, the 19th, Mr. Shorter addressed a full audience. His speech, which was received with marked favour, will be given *in extenso* in our next issue, together with the chief points of the interesting discussion which followed. Mr. Page Hopps and Archdeacon Colley (fresh from Natal and ecclesiastical polemics) were among the speakers.

**MYSTICISM OF THE ORIENT.**

*Substance of an Address delivered before the London Occult Society, 18, Baker-street, on February 10th, by C. PFOUNDES (an Orientalist), sometime resident in the East, &c.*

Mysticism is not the monopoly of the Orient, but its highest development has undoubtedly been in the East, that is, on that zone, the cradle of the earliest and highest civilisation of which we have knowledge, extending from Eastern Europe to far Cathay. In other lands Mysticism ever has existed as it still does exist, but it is essentially in the early civilisation of the Semitic, Aryan, and Turanian races that we see the transcendent Mysticism most salient. So far as the scant material, above all suspicion of having been tampered with, that has come down to us, allows us to see into the most ancient Mysticism, we see that the earlier, purer efforts to solve the mysterious problems of nature were, in time, encumbered with the gross mystification that overawed the ignorant populace, and enchain them in intellectual bondage, degradation, and superstition, the prey of a sacerdotal class, the theocratic hierarchy, or oligarchy that in all times has been in every land the enemy of true intellectual freedom and progress. The high practical ethical ideals were debased to the level of priesthood; and magic, be it black, white, or scarlet, was the weapon of those wise men who acquired that all and ever powerful knowledge, of which the misuse has ever been the bane of humanity, in almost as great a degree as crass ignorance. Within historic periods the development of mental science has been very slow. We know how difficult it is to improve the children of savage tribes, how easily the offspring of highly civilised, very educated people will even in one generation fall back into savagery. Although we have made great strides in applied science, in mechanics, and in chemistry, mineralogy, &c., yet nothing has been done for tens of centuries towards the development of psychological science. We are as far as ever the ancients were from the solution of certain most momentous problems affecting humanity. Whence? what? whither? is asked now as of old, and the more than merely shrewd guesses of the ancients have hardly been improved upon; even at our centres of high education, the ancient classics are esteemed the fountain head of the greatest learning and deepest wisdom. Religious investigation is yet in its infancy as a branch of scientific systematic research, cribbed, cabined, and confined as we have been by the theological element that has preponderated in our educational system, such as it is. But in all religions, proper and so-called, we see, now as ever, a strong element of Mysticism, permeating each and every form of belief; mystification, awe inspiring invocation of supernatural powers, to sanction and support the

arbitrary dogma of the priesthood. Even in systems not religious we see the same element. In ancient Egypt, Greece, China, and elsewhere, philosophies, agnostic and materialistic to an extreme, contain elements of Mysticism. Glancing down the long vista of the past, striving to obtain glimpse of the dim, far-off intellectual life and religious thought of the bye-gone ages, we see the same thing in Egypt, preserved for us in the recently deciphered inscriptions on the tombs, and but lately disinterred papyri; in that fragment of a creed, the Zarshush Madzdean or Parsis; in the orally transmitted Brahmin's Vedas; the Sastras and Sutras of later times, written in the even then dead language Sanskrit; but especially in the ancient classical literature of the Turanians, the Chinese, edited and collated by Confucius and others. In the work of the philosopher or mystic, Lao Tzi, the Tao Teh King—the foundation of the Tao-ism that has become in later times a mass of gross superstition—we see a development of the peculiar Mysticism of the extreme Orient. The evolution of man's intellect must have gone on for long ages before we have any record, if we may judge of the Sisyphus-like toilsome struggle, up and down, of the last 4,000 years. But we see that there were waves of progression and retrogression, ebb and flow of knowledge; dark ages and periods of brilliant enlightenment. Such a fresh upheaval of intellectual activity passed over the zone of Europe and Asia, already indicated, some six centuries before the Christian era. The foundation of the two empires of Rome and of Japan about this period marks the extremes. Japan remains—Rome has risen and sunk. Though we find no magic art in Japan, there is much true Mysticism yet preserved.

Buddhism, a reform of Brahmin domination, spread afar; its teachers themselves studied in all schools, periodically met and interchanged their wisdom and experience. We find at the present day certain mystic fraternities amongst ourselves. In olden times there were cogent reasons for the banding together of the transmitters of wisdom, equally vital reasons for not promulgating abroad the facts and theories arrived at. Science is still so blind to the origin of life that it is not surprising, considering the conditions of the life of the past, that secretiveness became an established principle, that the depositaries of the highest knowledge only transmitted their information to well-tried, capable pupils. Is it not so now in many matters we know of? Dealing with the most delicate questions, it is quite in accordance with Oriental practice to carefully refrain from expression of opinions that might offend or wound the feelings of others, but the great mysteries, the problems connected with the immortal life, the basis of right and wrong action, can only be fully dealt with by those who are free from the innumerable distractions of our busy life, in which so few give themselves time to think. But the Orientals who devote themselves to this higher abstract investigation develop their highly trained faculties, their most subtle faculties—to the solution of the questions that are at the basis of all religions, and of all systems of ethics and philosophy. It is by closely studying the methods and the results of the Mysticism of the East that the great lessons are to be learned; but we must first throw off the impediments of Western narrow sectarianism, lay aside the mantle of egotism, with which we envelope ourselves, and learn to consider that it may be possible after all that we do not know quite everything; and that we may perhaps be able to glean something from the ancient civilisation of the Orient.

Some questions followed, and after these had been replied to, the proceedings closed, as usual, with a vote of thanks to the lecturer, who has been invited to enter more fully into the subject at a future meeting.

**BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.**

[Any acknowledgment of books received in this column neither precludes nor promises further notice.]

*The Weird Mystery*: (Vol. I. of LAMBERT'S London Library. Price 1s.)

*Geomancy*: By DR. FRANZ HARTMANN, author of *Magic, White and Black*; *Paracelsus*; *The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians*; &c., &c. By the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO., 7, Duke-street, Adelphi.

*Tempted of the Devil*: *Passages in the Life of a Kabbalist*. A. GARDNER, Paternoster-row.

*A Modern Faust*: (With Editor's thanks to the author. To be finally placed in the Library of the Alliance.)

**CLAIRVOYANCE AND SECOND SIGHT.**

The narratives in course of publication in "LIGHT" under this heading may give interest to the following which we clip from the *Newtown Enterprise*, Pa., of January 26th ult. :—

"The good people of Caledonia have so long and exclusively engrossed the faculty of second sight that it may justly surprise many to learn that we also have been favoured with at least one case as well attested as their own. I refer to the instance of Eli Yarnall of Frankfort. Whatever were his first peculiarities, he in time lost them. He fell into intemperate habits, became a wanderer, and died in Virginia a young man. This remarkably gifted person was born in Bucks County, Pa., and came with his parents to the vicinity of Pittsburg.

"When Yarnall was living near that city, being then a child only seven years of age, as he was sitting in the house one day, he suddenly burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. His mother asked him what pleased him so much. The boy replied that he saw his father (who was not at home) running rapidly down the mountain side trying to overtake a jug of whisky which he had let fall. The jug rolled part of the way down the declivity, but was caught by the old man before he got to the bottom. When the father reached home he confirmed the whole story, to the great surprise of all. After this the boy excited much talk and wonderment in the neighbourhood.

"About two years later the Yarnalls were visited by a friend named Robert Verre, with other Quaker relatives or acquaintances from Bucks County. Verre, to tax the lad's miraculous powers, asked him various questions, and among other things what was then going on at his own home in Bucks County. The boy described the house, which he had never seen ; said that it was built partly of logs and partly of stone ; that there was a mill pond in front of the house which had been recently drained ; and concluded with a description of the people in the house, and of two persons, a man and a woman, who were sitting on the front porch. When Verre reached home he inquired who had been at the house at the day and hour he had held his conversation with young Yarnall. He learned that there had been a shower at the time, and several of the field hands had gone into the house to escape the rain ; the persons on the porch had been faithfully described, even to the colour of their hair. As to the mill pond, the men had drained it in order to catch muskrats. In short, every detail given by the boy was proved to be accurate.

"The habit of the young seer when asked to exercise his singular faculty was to hold his head downward, often closing his eyes. After waiting for some time, apparently deep in thought, he would declare what he saw in his visions. He was sometimes found alone in the field, sitting on a stump, and crying. On being asked the cause of his grief, he said he saw great numbers of men engaged in killing each other. Although he had never seen a battle, a ship, or a cannon, he described military and naval battles as if he had been an actual looker-on.

"Some of the Quakers who saw him became much interested in the boy, believing him possessed of a noble gift, and desired to have charge of his bringing up. He was accordingly apprenticed to a Frankfort tanner, but he attracted so much attention, and so many called at the shop to hold conversation with him, that his master became annoyed and tried to discourage such curiosity. The boy, therefore, began to shun questions as much as possible, and seemed by degrees to lose his singular gift. He drifted into bad company and eventually became a wreck.

"His mother never allowed him to take any money for answering questions, believing that his visions were God-given and that it would be wrong to turn them to an account pecuniarily. Wives whose husbands had long been missing and were supposed to have been lost at sea or perished in accidents, and others whose relatives had disappeared, would come to him for information. Of those still alive he would tell how they looked and what they were doing. On one occasion a man asked him in jest who had stolen his pocketbook, and was much taken back when the lad replied :—'No one ; but you stole a pocketbook from another man when in a crowd.'"

"God's ear is ever close to our lips. It touches them. It is always listening. Thoughts speak to it loudly as words ; suffering even louder than words. The ear of Divine attention is never taken away. We sigh into it even while we sleep and dream."—FADER.

**A SOLDIER ASSISTING AT HIS OWN FUNERAL.**

BY JOHN E. PURDON, M.D.

FROM THE *Religious-Philosophical Journal*.

In the year 1872, while in the charge of the convalescent hospital, Sandown, Isle of Wight, I returned from a short visit to London, bringing with me for change and rest Miss Florence Cook, who afterwards became so celebrated a medium. On the evening of my return home, I took a walk with Miss Cook along the cliffs towards Shanklin. During the walk she drew my attention to a soldier who seemed to her to behave in a curious way, turning round and staring at me, and omitting the usual military salute which she had noticed the other men gave as they passed by. As I could see no one at the time, my curiosity was excited, and when she said the man had passed a stile just in front of us, I crossed over and looked carefully about. No soldier was in sight ; on one side was an open field, on the other the perpendicular cliffs. I asked a countryman at work in the field if he had seen a soldier pass just before I appeared, but he had not.

On my return from town I found that a certain chronic patient, who had been a long time in the hospital, and on whom I had performed a minor surgical operation some time before, had died of pulmonary consumption. I made the usual military post mortem examination the same day, the next day being fixed for his funeral.

Miss Cook, and another young lady on a visit to my wife, never having seen a military funeral, persuaded her to take them to a cross-roads where they would see the troops pass without being seen themselves. As we marched past, the coffin being carried on a gun carriage, Miss Cook said to my wife, "Why is the little man in front dressed differently from the other soldiers ?" My wife answered that she could not see anyone in front, nor could the other girl either. Miss Cook then said, "Why does he not wear a big hat like the others ? He has on a small cap and is holding his head down." They then returned home, and the funeral party passed on to the graveyard, which was two miles from the hospital. Just after the firing party had fallen in to march home, Hospital-Sergeant Malandine came up to me in the graveyard and said :—"Private Edwards reports sick, sir, and asks permission to return by train." I asked what was the matter, and the sergeant answered that Edwards had had a great fright from seeing the man we were burying looking down into his own grave at the coffin before it was covered by the clay !

On my return to my quarters I found the family at dinner, and had hardly sat down when the room was filled with loud and continuous knocks, under my chair, under my plate, &c. We tried to find out in the usual way what was the cause of the disturbance, and the astounding answer I got was, "Dann you, you cut me." The name given was "Jerry," which was the nickname in the hospital of the patient we had just buried. I may add that this man hung about me at séances for some time, and showed his dislike by disturbing sittings at my house and at Mrs. Cook's house in London.

I need not say that I considered my wife's report of what Miss Cook had said about the man walking in front of the hearse, a most remarkable confirmation of the truth of the report previously made to me in the churchyard. I made a close inquiry into all the circumstances of this strange case, and from which it appeared evident to me that the four different manifestations, viz., the appearance on the cliff on the evening of the autopsy, the appearance on the road as the funeral passed, the appearance at the grave to another party, and the dining-room séance were related phenomena of common psychical origin. I can guarantee that the manifestations were not due to that extraordinary vital activity which we have reason to believe is often exhibited just before the true death of the body. What, then, was the cause ?

Valley Head, Ala., U.S.A.

I distinctly remember the circumstances of the above case ; the facts are as represented.

HANNAH S. PURDON.

"God sends His teachers into every age,  
To every clime, and every race of men,  
With revelations fitted to their growth  
And shape of mind ; nor gives the realm of truth  
Unto his selfish rule of one sole race."—LOWELL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## Astrology.

*To the Editor of "LIGHT."*

SIR.—I must postpone for the present—I hope only for the present—my response to the appeal of your correspondent “Libra,” in “LIGHT” of the 9th inst. ; but can give at once the information required as to Ephemerides from the year 1800. “Libra” can obtain a complete set (*Raphael's*) from 1800 to 1884, bound in four volumes, for about £4, from Messrs. Foulsham and Co., 4, Pilgrim-street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. As regards Cardan's *Aphorisms*, I would remind your correspondent that no one of them is intended to be read out of connection with the rest, but each must be taken with the qualifications suggested in the particular case by other rules of astrology. It is, for instance, possible that a birth at noon on the day of the Vernal Equinox might not be “vital,” e.g., if the hyleg were afflicted by all the malefics. Or, again, other of Cardan's “Aphorisms,” denying the greatness promised by the forty third, might equally apply. Many of these rules have a certain value, but they are not to be taken absolutely and singly.

I may also point out that the difficulty “Libra” specifies, viz., to understand “how a constant and mechanical movement can coincide with a variable and unfated one,” (it being well added that “if every event is predetermined the case is different), has only a secondary application to astrology, and really raises the old and everlasting controversy between Determinism and so-called “Free-will.” As to how far astrology is indeed implicated in that controversy, I hope to be able to offer some suggestions on a future occasion. Meanwhile I am quite prepared to repeat my old position, adverted to by “Libra,” that no occult phenomena are likely to be accepted on the mere force of evidence, while they remain quite unintelligible and unacceptable to the understanding. I have already tested the truth of that position in regard to astrology itself. For, two or three years ago, I took an exhaustive catalogue, from a certain date, of public events of a certain class (downfall of Administrations in England from 1852), and showed (in “LIGHT”) a particular pre-signification—the affliction of the mid-heaven by Saturn—at the new moon last preceding, in a number of cases so much in excess of the chance probability as to make at least a very strong *prima facie* case against mere casual coincidence. As I expected, the people who most believe in “facts before theories” were apparently not in the least interested or impressed, nor showed they any disposition to verify my statement for themselves, or to take up the subject. Of similar verifications of astrology I could supply many, but I keep them now for my own use, and am working with a view to more complete results.

Students of the subject may be interested to learn that at the opening of the Parnell Commission, at 11 a.m. on October 22nd last year, *Uranus* was exactly on the meridian of London. Some startling and unexpected event may therefore, I believe, be expected in connection with the Commission or its result.

February 18th, 1889.

C. C. M.

*To the Editor of "LIGHT."*

SIR.—With your permission I should like to say a few words in reply to the letter of “Libra” in your issue of 9th inst. First let me give him the information he asks for relative to ephemerides, from 1800 to the present time (and I may add that to obtain that very information for myself cost me, in years gone by, an extraordinary amount of trouble and much expense); the result is simply this (and it may be depended upon, notwithstanding the different opinions “Libra” may hear to the contrary), namely, that for years from 1750 to 1835 inclusive, *White's Ephemeris* is certainly—for astrological purposes—the best published, the *Nautical Almanack* not excepted, but since the latter date up to 1889, *Raphael's Ephemeris* (which may be had separate from *Raphael's Almanack* if desired) is the best, if we except the six years 1851 to 1856, when “White's” was so improved as to excel *Raphael's*, whose ephemeris, however, was during that period as good as usual.

*White's Ephemeris* ceased in 1856. This ephemeris and also the old ones of *Raphael* can only be obtained by making patient and diligent inquiry at the old booksellers', and through certain agents who make it their business to hunt up old ephemerides, astrological, nautical, occult, and other books of that kind, for collectors. I have a complete set of *White's Ephemeris* supplemented by those of *Raphael*, for years 1797 to the present,

and shall be glad to give “Libra” any extracts he may require. With reference to the remarks of your correspondent on what he calls “the rationale of the science of astrology,” I entirely agree with him that attempts to reconcile the fixed decrees of astrology, as exhibited in prediction of events, with entire freedom of the human will, must fail. “Libra” puts the matter in a clear and striking light when he says that “granting that planets do not cause, but simply indicate” (the actual occurrence of) “events, the difficulty of understanding how a constant and mechanical movement can ever coincide with a variable and unfated one, is as great as ever.” I have studied astrology since 1847, and have not only all the best works, new and old, on the subject in my library, but have diligently worked at them, and must confess that as a general rule, the “aphorisms,” rules, and instructions of the writers, new and old, are practically very unsatisfactory.

A rule is usually hedged around with so many ifs and buts, and there are so many circumstances required to be concurrent, or else there are so many exceptions made, that the rule can seldom be applied at all, and becomes simply an ambiguity.

14, Railway-street, Huddersfield.

T. WILLIS.

## Hands and Feet.

*To the Editor of "LIGHT."*

SIR.—Mr. Huxley is altogether on a wrong tack, if he expects to call forth spirits with his feet. He can hardly look for the lowest of these to respond to so singular and degrading an innovation; though he may supplement his pedal experiments with Macbeth's cry to his “apparition”: “Thou hast harped my fears aright:—But one word.” He will not get that word because he has not asked aright.

But Mr. Huxley has not, it seems, confined his investigations to pedal invocation; like Faraday, it appears he has, in a sort of perfunctory manner, tried for the spirits in other ways, expecting them to be guided by a programme perchance. So, again, like Macbeth, he has been disappointed, and has learned with the Thane of Cawdor, that “apparitions will not be commanded.” And thus, perhaps, too naturally, having been twice baulked, he has not one good word left to accommodate them withal; and with him, for them—

“Fair is foul and foul is fair”

As he hovers in his own material foggy air.

Had Mr. Huxley tried his hands with the spirits (hands being, next to the brain, the noblest of men's members), instead of his feet, which are the lowest, if not the meanest of them, he might have *felt* the vital force oozing from his fingers' ends, and bringing him in communion with the other world. And even if, with one of Macbeth's witches, he should have found that

“By the pricking of his thumbs  
Something wicked this way comes,”

he might have still taken heart of grace, and exclaimed with the late enlightened William Howitt: “What we want first is to prove the communion between the two worlds, though even the quality be not all we can wish.” I will not say that these were his precise words, but this was the substance of them. And so it is. Spiritualism, good and bad, has forced itself upon mankind in the present generation; we cannot ignore it, and we must do the best we can with it. The two Mahdis have been, perhaps, the most successful of its agents in procuring converts during the present epoch. It has not in the Soudan, unfortunately, done anything to blot out the stigma of slave driving, but it has not, fortunately, extinguished the worship of God.

What a contrast does this principle of measuring all things by one's own experience (so conspicuously shown by Mr. Huxley) present to the all-round logic of Bishop Colenso, noted in your paper February 9th. Bishop Colenso had come to the conclusion that levitation was impossible. But no sooner did he learn that many persons, whose word would be taken in any court of justice, gave proof to the contrary, than he yielded up his prejudice at once, and gave excellent evidence of his conversion afterwards, in a way which I need not here allude to.

I have myself been raised from the ground in broad daylight by an unseen force, and for the sake of the truth I think it right here to name it, especially as it is in accord with your request, sir, on a public occasion, for those who, in former days, had experienced interesting manifestations to tell of them. It is now about eighteen or nineteen years ago that I had arranged for a private séance with the late Mr. Frank Herne and Mr. Charles Williams, early in the day, about twelve o'clock. Mr. Herne received me; he said that Mr. Williams was out, but he would be back directly. It was in Lamb's Conduit-street. Mr. Herne

asked me to sit down, so I went to the sofa that stood between the two windows of the front room and seated myself. No sooner had I done so, Mr. Herne still standing with the door open in his hand, when a small table, in the window furthest from the door where Mr. Herne stood, began moving about friskily, obviously making a noise, and causing me to turn towards it, the objects on it, however, still retaining their places; and next, a heavy arm-chair, that stood close up to the little moving table, rushed quickly, with noise, towards the opposite wall, and stopped short just before contact with the wall, which I afterwards ascertained. I said to Mr. Herne, who had not left the door, "Is this sort of thing usual?" He answered, "It happens sometimes when spirits are glad to see people." Then immediately, Mr. Herne still standing at the door, the sofa on which I sat kept jumping up and down several times, lifting me with it. Then Mr. Williams arrived at the door, and Mr. Herne told him about the movements of the sofa. I do not believe that a small boy was under the sofa, as he could not have lifted a heavy sofa with a man upon it up and down. And I do not believe that a man was under the sofa, for certainly he could not have caused the movements of the chair and table; there were no strings or wire attached to them to move them by; while it is logical to suppose that the same force which moved the chair and the table lifted also the sofa with myself upon it.

## AN OBSERVER.

[We have ourselves seen and recorded phenomena of a precisely similar nature in the presence of the same mediums at the same place. The movement of a chair was on one occasion prolonged till it sailed out of the room quite clear of the ground and settled at our feet half-way down the stairs as we were leaving.—ED.]

Clairaudient Dictation.  
To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Your allusion to a new book, *The Grand Reality*, brings us in the face of a difficulty. We hear much of progress and higher spheres; but I often think, if spirits really have progressed, say, in the course of a few hundred years, they can hardly be still hanging on to the outskirts of our by no means perfect planet as regards the character of its denizens, roughly speaking, either above or below. And, in case of their rise, they may find difficulty in visiting us. In that event may it not be possible for them to leave behind them when they rise a substitute less advanced than themselves, to take their place and communicate for them? which substitute, in due time, may rise himself, and leave another substitute for the first, in no case, however, let us hope, leaving behind him even a scintilla of his own identity, but merely a substitute, often useful, perchance by a law of an inferior planet, for ultramundane purposes; but who, at the same time, may give proof of his identity being not that of the expected one by the utter inferiority of the substitute in morality or intellectual ability to the being he travesties and would represent. But this brings us to another difficulty. Had Shakespeare himself, in himself, the stupendous ability attributed to him? Ben Jonson says of him, "Whatsoever he penned he never blotted out a line." And, on the consideration that he was an uneducated person, the above assertion looks very much as if he were essentially a medium himself, and therefore, if still in our spheres, we have no reason to expect anything of a very high character from what may proceed alone from his own idiosyncrasy, on the supposition that when he was here he was chiefly the medium of spirits, and not original in his wondrous dicta. If there be one above others who is likely to have "got up higher," after more than 600 years, it is Dante, though he, too, was a medium; but, still, a man of high nobility of character in himself. And yet, a few years ago, a poem of thirty-three cantos was written in triplets in Dantesque style, and was said to be dictated by Dante to a young Florentine, known as a powerful physical medium, who was assistant in a curiosity shop in that town. During the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, in the *Daily Telegraph* last year, I wrote about this book, saying I had it in my possession, &c., but my comments on it were unheeded. The writer of this poem used to sit down at his house of business, between the hours of twelve and half past one, and write by clairaudient dictation, as Milton often did, as Milton acknowledges. Gino Fanciullacci, that was the name of the young medium, said that he heard every word that he wrote down. The poetry is, however, modern Italian, not the Italian of Dante. As hearing was learning, so seeing was believing;

and the master of the shop himself became a Spiritualist. It is interesting, this medium having been constantly thus seen writing by clairaudient dictation in this open way. I am ashamed of having kept this book so long on my shelves, since 1881, scarcely looking at it myself, and without giving others the chance of seeing it. That this may be so no longer, I send it, by this post, to you, Mr. Editor, hoping you will do me the favour to accept it.

Signor Tremeschini, engineer and astronomer of the Pantheon, at Paris, writes of Fanciullacci's book, in the *Revue Spirite* for June, 1881, thus:—

"Now that I have gone through the volume from one end to the other I will say:—

"First. One-half of the poem is golden, struck with the impress of Dante; a quarter is silvery; an eighth is aluminium; the other eighth is of clay. As a whole, it is an immortal work. I defy contradiction.

"Secondly. Let me send you a reflection:

"If M. Gino Fanciullacci had published his work without the declaration which heads it: 'I cannot claim the paternity of this poem, though it was written by me—this poem having been dictated to me by . . . it signifies not what; in that case I affirm his fortune would have been fixed as a grand poet.'

Can all this have been sub-consciousness, as the Psychical Research people would have it? or could he have been a good poet in a former life, this young man born of low rank, and of small education? or what and how comes he to hear in an abnormal way? I wrote to Florence for this book, making the remark, that I thought Signor Tremeschini was right in thinking it would have been as well to have published the book without, as the world goes, the damaging admission that it was dictated by a spirit. Although I wrote to the master of the establishment, I received the answer from Gino Fanciullacci himself, in a letter which I very much prize.

## [COPY, TRANSLATED.]

"As Signor Biblet is from home, and being charged by him to attend to his correspondence, I learn your wish by your letters, and by the same post that you receive this you will receive also the volume you desire.

"I beg you, signor, not to write of my ingenuousness in having announced the work as the product of a spirit; it was my duty to speak the truth, while I cared little whether judgment from without was favourable or unfavourable; and, moreover, imagine the ridicule I should have brought upon myself.

"Spiritualism is to me a truth, and not a simple illusion; facts prove it and not theories. I was convinced because I was willing to be convinced, observing the facts; and beyond this, fortune has willed it that I should be an acting conductor between the spirits and the incarnate.

"This poem is one of those products; other works await their turn for publication, works obtained by the means of other medianimity.

"I trust you will honour me by your judgment of the work, and make me a participant in your impression.

"P.S.—You will see the price of the volume on the cover of the book."

In sending the order for the poem, five francs, to M. Biblet, Borgo Ogni Santi, Florence, I could only say, in my reply to Fanciullacci, that what I had read had pleased me. But for me to have pronounced a judgment on the book, was far beyond me. I leave that to others. How should I do it? The astronomer, an Italian, of the Paris Pantheon, says:—"The language, the turn of the phrases and the style, render it difficult of comprehension for three-fourths of the Italians themselves." T. W.

Miss Marsh's Mediumship.  
To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—A few weeks since it was my good fortune to be introduced to Mr. Marsh, Jubilee-street, Mile End, and with his characteristic kindness he invited me to his house, where I had the privilege of attending a séance, Miss Marsh being the medium. I have been identified with the Spiritualist movement for about seventeen years, and have had séances with most of the noted mediums, both in London and in the provinces, but in all that time I never met with more satisfactory proof of the intimate knowledge which spirits possess of the lives and circumstances of earth's inhabitants. To be brief, as your space is limited, Miss Marsh's control proved to have a perfect acquaintance with circumstances of my birth and boyhood; he also told me about a circumstance known only to myself. These and other facts communicated were not known to any one but myself and were far away from my thoughts at the time I received the communications. In conclusion permit me to say if humanity could be brought honestly to seek for truth and wisely to use the means which God has provided through the instrumentality of Spiritualism, mankind would soon learn to pity Professor Lankester and smile at the foolish things he wrote to the *Pall Mall*

*Gazette* on 14th inst. Perhaps, as it was Valentine's Day, his letter was intended for a caricature. Whatever he intended, his letter made two things evident: first, that he is totally ignorant of the subject he writes about;—second, that he is influenced by a deep-seated animus against Spiritualism, and in respect of it devoid of the scientific spirit which is needed to qualify any man to investigate any subject.

57, White Horse-street,  
Commercial-road, E.  
February, 18th 1889.

Miracles.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I am surprised to learn that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has expunged the word "Miracle," though that word indicates a principle in action recognised in time past, and time present, by minds undimmed by other stars in human history. The fact of miracles having occurred, is frankly acknowledged by hundreds of thousands of the British-speaking race, as well as elsewhere; the fact of miracles transpiring freely in the circumference of this generation is not only believed, but known.

I regret that too many of our writers and speakers through "LIGHT" do not so express themselves as to show the broad line of division in nature, distinct as natural and as supernatural; and more definable than positive and negative electricity.

Taking the universe of worlds, and the ethereal elements between them, together with the intelligent life existing in both, be they in the heavens or on our tiny earth, all are as one—all as nature in the bulk; but when we come to dissect the nature and selfhood properties of each, we find each species possessed of special powers only, and it were unnatural to expect from it that which it does not possess; any result, therefore, seen or perceived beyond its capabilities, is super to its powers, and indicate a power existing, known or unknown, that is producing the effects.

In like manner human life is a species in nature with recognised special powers, and if an effect be produced, acknowledged by common knowledge or uncommon knowledge to be superior or beyond its powers, it is, so far as the species is concerned, beyond its natural, and therefore supernatural; that is, in the ordinary phraseology of history—a miracle.

Miracles and supernatural are correct words to use in relation to the powers, the limited powers, of the human species; therefore the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has committed a blunder.

The power of the human mind with the physical body can lift a solid substance, or finger an accordion so as to sound a given melody—that is to us natural; but for the mind to will and do the one or the other without using his physical body, is beyond his power; if, therefore, they are done intelligently in his presence, the effects are beyond his physical nature, and therefore are supernatural, are miracles.

To Spiritualists I suggest, that having a clear knowledge of why the words in the species limitation are used—they as writers and speakers avoid hair-splitting definitions as to miracles being natural, because a part of nature, sun, moon, and stars. Let us boldly acknowledge the superhuman natural, call them miracles if you will, and so be in harmony with hundreds of thousands of common-sense persons who on Sundays in their churches and chapels publicly declare their belief in "ministering spirits sent forth to minister."

J. ENMORE JONES.

"The Spectator" and Laurence Oliphant.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—When I read these words in the *Spectator* for February 9th, relating to misunderstood or misrepresented ideas of Mr. Laurence Oliphant (to whose name I will not affix the word *late*)—"Neither idea strikes us as valuable, the absence of evidence being complete; but there is advantage in understanding what the few men of ability who really believe in Spiritualism really think about it,"—I overheard some rather strong language going on within, words such as "wooden headedness" and "fibs" being used; hardly suitable terms to apply to any utterance of such a highly respected literary monitor as the *Spectator*. But a moment's reflection tempered my feelings, and led me to perceive in this extraordinarily ignorant assertion the unmistakable note of mortified curiosity, masking its chagrin with contempt,—the state of mind Dryden delineated by a stroke when he made his "Panther" "answer, with a yawning sort of pride."

And then I went on to think—why, as a rule, are literary people so irritated by Spiritualism that they try to disfigure by ridicule what it is scarcely possible

any longer to discredit? Why should they find everything in life more interesting than that which most concerns everyone who has a life to lose? I suppose it is from vexation at having every other kind of lens—that reason can keep bright—in their mental apparatus, but that one which opens the mind to illimitable ranges of further discovery, of perceptions above, below, on all sides. Had only a few among us access to microscopes, it would be chafing, one must confess, to hear of all the wonderful beauties and facts thus revealed; and if not to be had by purchase, I fancy pride would come in, as it usually does, to console for felt deficiency by disparagement; and with indulged pride there is always some departure from truth. The north and south poles will touch each other, before expression of pride and perfect veracity can consist.

Again, even where true spirituality safeguards from pride, there is, I think, a deeper truth which may explain the aversion of literary minds from the arcana of unseen life. I learned it from Swedenborg, and find it a most helpful key to many puzzles. "Good cannot love any truth but its own, neither can truth in return love any good but its own." If all the meaning of this does not jump, as the French say, into the reader's perception, it will climb, or creep in, along with every day's illustrative experience.

February 12th, 1889.

A. J. PENNY.

Mrs. Sidgwick.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In your necessarily condensed report of my remarks at the last meeting of the Spiritual Alliance, I am represented as saying that Mrs. Sidgwick "had a congenital incapacity to receive the facts of Spiritualism." I have no recollection whatever of using these words. The purport of my remarks was quite opposite. I pointed out that she had impartially recorded the evidences for Spiritualism, although apparently unable to accept the spiritual interpretation of them.

Mrs. Sidgwick is a lady whose intellectual power it would be impudent in me to praise, who has devoted much time and thought to investigation, and who has always treated Spiritualists with marked courtesy and fairness. J. HERBERT STACK.

[We regret the error. The words "facts of Spiritualism" should read "interpretation of the Spiritualists."—ED.]

Doubles.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—As this subject has recently been several times noticed in your columns, the following account may possess some interest in connection therewith.

My own double has been seen four times and heard once. The first occasion was some years ago.

I was in the upper part of the house with two friends, and the lady who was the percipient in this case was resting alone in the dining-room, which opened off the hall. On the departure of one of my friends, this lady heard a second footstep descending the stairs with him; but when he went out at the hall door the other person (my double) opened the door of the dining-room and entered. Walking over to the lady, this semblance of myself gazed earnestly at her for a moment or two, and then departed, leaving the door open, from which she distinctly felt a draught. Unfortunately, however, never doubting that it was myself in *propria persona*, she fell into a doze without investigating, and on awaking found that the door was closed. I should mention that the light was subdued, but sufficient to show that the face of this apparition seemed paler than natural. I was engaged in conversation at the time, and the phenomenon was without apparent cause or meaning.

The second case occurred recently, when I had occasion one evening to visit some friends in the neighbourhood. About the time of setting out I was seen by one of the family (a lady) to enter the room, and, having looked smilingly into her face, to walk over to the fire, where I almost immediately disappeared. There were several other persons present, to whom she mentioned the circumstance, but they did not see anything.

On the two remaining occasions the double was seen by my wife. Coming home one evening, she saw me walking hurriedly from a tramcar, carrying a small paper parcel, and apparently entering the house before she came up. She was, of course, surprised to find that I was not really there, but I arrived about half an hour later, exactly as I had appeared, and with the same kind of packet in my hand.

My double was next seen under somewhat similar circumstances. My wife, looking out of the window one night, saw

me coming up the road on the opposite side, but noticed that, instead of using the crossing, I crossed over at an unlikely place where there was mud, after which I vanished. It was half an hour afterwards that I really arrived, and I walked exactly where she had seen me, and with my overcoat thrown open as she had also noticed. It was a very unusual thing for me to walk on the other side of the road, and the event could not possibly have been in my mind beforehand. The latter remark will also apply to the preceding case.

It is to be noted that these two cases were of the nature of prevision, but the cause is impossible to find. In both cases I was later than I had intended to be, but neither then nor on the other occasions mentioned was I thinking particularly about the person who saw my double. Again, a short time since, my wife thought she heard me come in, ascend the stairs, and walk across my room, apparently to a press; but on going to look she found nobody.

The three ladies, the subjects of the foregoing phenomena, may be said to possess partly developed psychic sense, or in other words to be mediumistic. I, however, am not, so far as I am aware; yet I also have twice seen doubles. Both circumstances occurred about three years ago, within a few days of each other, and I have seen nothing else of the kind either before or since. Looking out of the window, one morning, I observed a lady and gentleman, belonging to the house, walk slowly down a long path to the front gate and turn up the road, when they were hidden from view by a wall. About two minutes later I heard the front door close, and was astonished to see the same persons that I had seen immediately before, in the same dress, and taking the same direction. This, too, was a case of prevision though measured by minutes.

On the other occasion I had stepped into an office, leaving a friend a little way down the street. I was detained a little longer than I expected, and looking out I distinctly saw him pass the window. On leaving a moment later, however, I was surprised to find him where I had left him, he having remained there all the time.

I have always considered this class of phenomena most strange and puzzling, and I think that different explanations must be found for different cases. I should be glad if any correspondent could enlighten me.

G. A. K.

[“Doubles” seem to be rife just now. We append some cases quoted from the last number of the *Carrier Dove*, contributed by one of its correspondents:—

‘In November, 1870, I was in the employ of William Baxter, at West Richmond, Ind., and, having occasion to see my employer on some business matters, I stepped into the sitting-room, and asked his children if they knew where their father was. One of the girls, about ten years old, pointed out of the window, saying, ‘Father is standing at the end of that cart,’ which was laden with turnips. I looked out of the window, and saw Will Baxter standing, as stated, not more than eight feet from the window, looking at the turnips; but when I went outside to speak to him, he was gone! And I learned from two hired men who were unloading the cart, that he had gone about an hour before in his carriage to Richmond, and then I remembered that I had seen him leaving the stable in his carriage at that time, namely, one hour before.

‘In August, 1850, I was a new and contented member of the Society of Shakers, at Enfield, Conn., and, being in our meeting of worship, which consisted of singing and dancing, or more properly, marching and waving of hands, I saw myself marching ahead of the Elder of the Family, of which I was a member, for at least five minutes, although my physical body was at least fifteen feet in the rear end of the half circle of brethren or male members.’

And another from the *Montreal Witness*:—

‘A lawyer of Orilla was killed by a railroad accident. The event happened at two o’clock in the morning, and at daylight a brother of the deceased drove a few miles out from the station to tell his father of the sad business. To his surprise he found his father up and dressed, awaiting him. ‘Where’s Daniel?’ eagerly asked the old gentleman. ‘I saw him about two o’clock, or a little after. He came to my window and rapped at it. I saw him three times and spoke to him.’ The grief of the father on learning of the sad affair was very great.’

—ED.]

MRS. COATES is in urgent need of volunteer speakers at the public meetings of Spiritualists at Forest Hill. Can any of our readers help in a cause that is worthy of all encouragement?

“PRAYER is an act of friendship. It is intercourse—an act of trust, of hope, of love, all prompting to interchange between the soul and an infinite, spiritual, invisible Friend. We all need prayer, if for no other purpose, for that which we so aptly call communion with God. We all need friendly converse with Him whom our souls love. ‘He alone is a thousand companions; He alone is a world of friends. That man never knew what it was to be familiar with God who complains of want of friends while God is with him.’”—PHELPS.

## SOCIETY WORK.

*Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated, will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions.]*

WORKMAN’S HALL, STRATFORD.—Miss Blenman will give the address on Sunday next, at the Workman’s Hall, Stratford.—M.A.B., Sec.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, MORTIMER-STREET.—The audience on Sunday last submitted three subjects, all of which related to the spiritual side of life, to Mr. Hunt for consideration. He treated them with great ability, and satisfactorily answered several questions, after which impromptu poems were given on “Evolution,” “Angelic Occupations,” &c.—C. H. BRADLEY.

5, DEVONSHIRE ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—Last Sunday evening a lecture dealing with the “Objections to Spiritualism” was delivered to a crowded room by Mr. Veitch. Questions were asked and answered to the full satisfaction of all present. On Sunday next at 7 p.m. Mr. Long will give a “Chapter of Personal Experiences.”—M. GIFFORD, Sec., 8, Manor-road.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, (33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM).—In the absence of Mr. R. J. Lees, who was at Northampton by special request, our platform was occupied on Sunday last by Messrs. J. Veitch and R. Harper, who gave instructive addresses to good audiences. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., we shall have a visit from Miss Marsh, and in the evening from Miss Keeves.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

KING’S CROSS SPIRITUALISTIC CHURCH, COPENHAGEN HALL, 184, COPENHAGEN-STREET, N.—At our morning meeting on Sunday last we had an interesting debate on “Mediumship,” which was adjourned to next Sunday. All friends are invited to our morning gatherings, which are held for inquiry and discussion, commencing at 10.45. In the evening, Miss Marsh having disappointed us, we found a substitute in Mr. Rodger, one of our own members, who spoke ably to a large congregation on “The Teachings of Spiritualism.” Another of our members, Mr. Yeates, continued the subject in a few eloquent sentences. Mr. Towns next Sunday evening at 6.45.—S.T.R.

LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, 18, BAKER-STREET (CLOSE TO BAKER-STREET STATION AND IN A LINE WITH YORK-PLACE).—Last Sunday evening a very intelligent audience listened to Mr. Sinnett on the “Spiritual Faculties of Man.” The lecture will be printed in the next number of our Society’s journal. Next Sunday, February 24th, at 7 p.m., Mr. T. B. Dale will deliver a lecture entitled “Astrology; its Laws and Uses.” As it is very seldom that the opportunity occurs for hearing a lecture on astrology, and as Mr. Dale is an able exponent of its facts and teachings, we trust that as many as possible who are interested in the subject will attend.—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus. T.C.L., 30, Wyndham-street, W.

ZEPHYR HALL, 9, BEDFORD-GARDENS, NOTTING HILL GATE, LONDON.—On Sunday morning last we had a thorough good paper from Mr. Earl, on “The Natural and Spiritual Worlds.” An interesting exchange of opinions followed, and the company unanimously invited the speaker to visit them again the first opportunity. In the afternoon we had a members’ séance, with encouraging results. In the evening Miss Benam gave an inspirational address on “The Inspiration of God’s Holy Book,” the subject being dealt with in an able and practical manner. Miss Vernon again favoured us with some excellent singing, and was much appreciated by a large audience. Next Sunday at 11 a.m., Mr. J. Hopcroft; afternoon at 3 p.m., committee meeting; at 7 p.m., lecture by Mr. Harper, on “Women’s Sphere in the Social Economy.” Tuesday, at 8 p.m., members’ séance, at Mrs. Noyce’s, 10, The Mall, Kensington, and on Friday, at eight, séance, at Mr. Milligan’s, 16, Dartmoor street, Notting Hill Gate.—W. O. DRAKE, Hon. Sec.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It seems desirable to make clear that any facts communicated to a Society or journal cannot be printed in “LIGHT,” and should not be sent to us. All records sent, moreover, must be accredited by the name and address of the sender, and will gain in value by the attestation of witnesses.

It will ensure despatch if all matter offered for publication is addressed to the Editor of “LIGHT,” 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other name or address. Communications for the Manager should be sent separately.

The Editor begs respectfully to intimate that he cannot undertake to return rejected MSS. If accompanied by stamps to pay postage in case of its being deemed unsuitable for publication, he will use reasonable care in re-posting any MS.

He also begs respectfully to intimate that he cannot undertake to prepare for the press communications that are not suitably written. He begs his correspondents to see that all articles and letters forwarded are written on one side of the paper, are ready for the printer, and are of moderate length. Those over a column in length are in danger of being crowded out.

W. HARDY.—Not sufficiently precise to make any intelligible record.

W.Y.—We make the announcement you wish, but have no time to prepare your communication for the press, (see standing notice) nor could we find space for it.